

INSPECTOR BYRNES'S
CHAPTER OF THE GREAT COMPOSITE NOVEL
WILL APPEAR
IN THE EVENING WORLD TO-DAY.
WITH FULL SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

PRICE ONE CENT.

NOT APPEAR FOR DR. BURTSELL.

He Must Obey the Mandate of the Propaganda.

Dr. McGlynn, Mgr. Preston and Others Discuss His Position.

Excitement in Catholic circles continues intense over the news from Rome that Rev. Dr. Burtzell has been deposed in his appeal from the order of Archbishop Corrigan, removing him from the pastorate of the Church of the Epiphany, which he has held for twenty-three years.



REV. DR. BURTELL.

On its face the archiepiscopal mandate is nothing more than an ordinary transfer of a priest from one parish to another. Dr. Burtzell's friends and parishioners see in it, however, an attempt to punish the learned ecclesiastic for his espousal of the cause of Dr. McGlynn, and they and the anti-Popery disciples of the excommunicated priest saw exceeding wrath against the Archbishop.

In view of the fact that his connection with the McGlynn case is said to be the occasion of Dr. Burtzell's controversy with Archbishop Corrigan, the opinion of Dr. McGlynn on this latest phase of the case is of interest.

Dr. McGlynn is in San Francisco at present and has been interviewed by an EVENING WORLD correspondent.

"The news from Rome," said Dr. McGlynn, "is just what I had expected. The Roman authorities, both Pope and Propaganda, have been so largely committed to Archbishop Corrigan's policy that it would have been a great surprise if they had not supported him fully in his decision to punish and depose a priest who has not only been a severe critic of the papal hierarchy, but who has also been a severe critic of the papal hierarchy."

"I do not believe that the published report as to the attitude of the Roman authorities is correct. I believe that the Roman authorities are in a position to take a more liberal view of the situation than is generally supposed."

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SECRETS OF THE SUBWAYS.

Alleged Conspiracy to Void the Law Regarding Buried Wires.

Patentee of the Discarded Conduit Sues for \$2,500,000 Damages.

It is possible that the true inwardness of the long delay in completing the work of putting electrical wires underground in this city may be unfolded to the public. That is, it is possible if the suit just entered in the Supreme Court by Lawyer Charles W. Brooks, in behalf of the North American Underground Telegraph and Electric Company, is pressed and litigated in earnest.

The defendant in the suit is nominally the Consolidated Telegraph and Electric Company, and the ad damnum alleged is \$2,500,000.

In the complaint, which is very voluminous, it is recited that when the wires were by the Legislature ordered underground, the defendant corporation was formed by arrangement with the Subway Commission, and the ad damnum alleged is \$2,500,000.

The complaint alleges that the Western Union Telegraph Company, which is the patentee of the conduit known as the Johnston system, has conspired with the defendant corporation to void the law regarding buried wires.

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MONDAY - The World's Half-Rate Situation Days - SATURDAY.
NEW YORK, TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1903.

BROILING HUMAN BEINGS.

No Relief to Be Expected from the Oppressive Heat.

Hot To-Day, but It Will Be Hotter To-Morrow.

Old Sol is rendering himself liable for malicious mischief to-day.

There was a malicious look on his face when he emerged from his bath in the east this morning. He looked bilious and disagreeable, and after dissipating a few shadows and waking up a policeman or two, he emerged on his usual and pale. Old Hugh Midgley and Cal Orio.

Now, then, all together! The two enemies of human comfort braced themselves, and with a mighty twist pulled the mercury up to 75 points at one jump.

This was at 10 o'clock this morning, just as the pretty salesgirls were alighting at the doors of their places of employment, all decked in blazers and blouses, tennis shoes and pretty smiles.

Old Hugh Midgley wiped about a gallon of perspiration off his complexion and taking a hitch in his trousers gave another look at the thermometer, which showed a record of 80 degrees.

Old Sol, the king mischief-maker, discouraged a nice breeze that was coming up the Bay by heating up so that it was like a breath from a furnace or a blast from an East side pie bakery and by 10:30 had faded down to something very like a hot wave at eight miles an hour, drying the perspiration on the faces of suffering New Yorkers who perambulated in wilted shirts and profanity.

At that hour Old Sol had withered everything in sight with 85 degrees of clear, unadorned, and was still stirring up the fire of his unquenchable wrath.

July 8 was making good a long record for heat.

The day has had an average of 83.2 degrees of heat at the hottest moment, the thermometer, but to-day, Sunday, Dunn says the temperature will touch very near that of July 8, 1907, when it reached up to 94 degrees.

Serget Dunn seeks to console and comfort overheat New Yorkers by showing that some of the worst of the weather was in the past.

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HUNGER'S ARMY OUT IN FORCE.

The Striking, Starving Cloak-Makers Parade This Afternoon.

About 6,000 Gaunt and Stalking Men Expected to Be in Line.

Crowds of pallid and hungry-looking and hollow-eyed men and women lined the sidewalks and street in front of the cloak-makers' Union headquarters on Suffolk street this morning.

They began to arrive early and soon filled to overflowing the dingy and stuffy little room that is used as the distributing office for these victims of hunger and privation.

These abject-looking beings were poorly clad and many were barefooted, their underclothes to cover and protect from a cold sun their thin and consumptive frames.

They were the men who are to march to the case of the business public along Broadway this afternoon, and on every countenance was portrayed a firm determination to continue the strike.

At the headquarters of the Amalgamated Board in Wytheborough Hall on Canal street there was another large gathering of striking cloak-makers, and the same expression of suffering was visible on every face.

The climax of the cloak-makers' strike, which has already lasted four or five weeks, is reached to-day, when over five thousand of these poverty-stricken and hungry wretches will give the public a forcible idea of the suffering among them by marching through the principal thoroughfares of this city.

The grand master-stroke which the strike leaders have been contemplating for some time will be realized, and the slave-driving manufacturers, whose attitude of defiance during the entire lockout has caused considerable harsh criticism, will have an opportunity to observe from the very windows of their warehouses the amount and stalling victims of their concentrated oppression.

The permit necessary for the parade was obtained from Acting Supt. Byrnes bright and early this morning.

President T. H. Garalde of the Cloak-makers Union, who is the Grand Marshal of the procession, went to Police Headquarters at 8 o'clock, and was introduced to Acting Superintendent Byrnes and Inspector Steers.

Inspector Byrnes told Mr. Garalde that he would issue the required permit most cheerfully, but as leader of the procession he must be held responsible for the conduct of the parade.

Here is a copy of the permit issued for the parade:

OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF POLICE, JULY 8, 1903.

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DRIVEN AWAY BY DISGRACE.

Schoolboy Hubert Leonard Breaks His Parents' Hearts.

Published at School, He Disappeared and Has Not Been Seen Since May 15.

Hubert Leonard and his wife are honest, God-fearing people. They live in the third flat at 152 West Twenty-eighth street with their brood of five children.

The husband and father is a coachman, owning and running two coaches by which he makes a good living for his family.

But for many weeks Hubert Leonard has done little work. He has wandered up and down the streets of New York, with a troubled face and haggard eyes.

Hubert, his only son, a bright-eyed, intelligent and energetic lad of fourteen summers, is just, and the father is incoherently, while the mother moans and moans at home, and four little sisters wonder when their brother will return.

The lad was a bright pupil at Grammar School No. 20, in West Thirtieth street, till May 15 last. On that day, disciplined, removed from his class and disgracefully, as his father says, because he had been absent from school for several days.

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NEWS OF THE DAY ABROAD.

Alleged Concealment of Facts About the Cholera in Spain.

Latest Phase of the Police Troubles in London.

AT CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION, Madrid, July 8.—The new Government is doing its utmost to keep the cholera in the province of Valencia.

Much indignation is expressed at the alleged concealment of the facts by the local authorities.

An investigation has been set on foot and more reports are being taken to the epidemic and confine it to the districts in which it has so far appeared. In the meantime official bulletins will be published of its progress.

There was one death from cholera in the city of Valencia yesterday, and the inhabitants are beginning to fly to the country. The town is nearly deserted.

An increase in the number of new cases of cholera is reported at Gendia, where the disease has been especially virulent.

LONDON, July 8.—Daylight shows the extent of the damage done by last night's mob in the vicinity of Bow street.

There is a general wreckage of plate glass, the windows of one warehouse being all smashed.

The police are now engaged in guarding the stock thus exposed.

A number of arrests were made and the discipline of the force has been greatly relaxed.

New from the outlying police stations is to the effect that great difficulty is experienced in getting men to go duty, and a general and disastrous strike was only prevented by lack of organization.

With a view of checking further attempts at rioting in the vicinity of Bow street, eighty picked men of the mounted police, under the command of Chief Constable Russell, are held in readiness at Scotland Yard.

A fine body of recruits was passed by Capt. Dean this morning, and forthwith enrolled as members of the force.

THE SERIOUS TELEGRAPHIC SITUATION in London.

NEWSPAPER CABLE NEWS SPECIAL. LONDON, July 8.—The position of affairs at the Central Telegraph Office is becoming serious through the refusal of operators to work overtime.

The officials have taken steps to obtain the assistance of female operators who have left the service.

THE KAISER WOULD DROP GREEK AND LATIN for English and Chemistry.

BERLIN, July 8.—Minister Goeler has been forced to resign, because the Emperor is desirous of making a sweeping reform in the universities by a partial dropping of Greek and Latin and the substitution of more modern subjects.

STUDENTS MAY NOT PRESENT A MEMORIAL to Bismarck.

PARIS, July 8.—The Reading Club of German students here, recently resolved to contribute 1,000 marks (\$250) towards a memorial of Prince Bismarck.

THE CHIEF OF POLICE ASKED THE CLUB TO-DAY to cancel the resolution without delay, as otherwise the Club would be dissolved.

SAW LIFE IN THE STEERAGE.

M. L'Abbe Petit Among the Poor Immigrants.

He Tells "The Evening World" the Object of His Mission.

At Hotel Wagner, the modest little hotel de l'Europe in Fourteenth street where French visitors to New York are wont to stop, an Evreux World reporter met this morning a smiling, benevolent-faced little man in clerical dress and wearing a high-crowned, broad-brimmed brown straw hat.

He had long iron-gray hair and beamed upon his caller through great round spectacles, listening wonderingly and respectfully to the reporter's questions.

The reporter asked him to make no complaint. "Ah, sir, I am not a bishop! Only a poor Abbe from Toulouse. I am a chaplain in the French fleet."

The little man pointed to an inscription in the Hotel Wagner register, written by himself Sunday evening.

The interpreter repeated in English this, fresh from the rapid tongue of the Abbe: "I came as a third-class passenger on the deck of the Bretagne. I came as a steerage passenger lived on board ship. I found the steerage life very good. I am a chaplain in the French fleet."

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Wenn Sie
Deutsches Dienstpersonal suchen,
lesen Sie
die deutschen Annoncen,
die täglich auf der sechsten Seite
erscheinen.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

JUST GOT OUT ALIVE.

Fourteen Families in Deadly Peril in a Burning Tenement.

Babies Nearly Smothered to Death.

Blazing Stairways Drove All to the Roof—Arson Suspected.

A string of mothers with sleeping babies in their arms sat on the curbstone at Thomas street and West Broadway all this morning, blessing the saints that preserved their little ones from a cruel death.

The faces of two of the babies were smudged with smoke, and one was blistered, showing how narrow had been their escape.

They were all at home in the tenement, 711 Thomas street, that shelters fourteen families of lone women and laborers about the big warehouses along the river.

It was 1 o'clock in the morning when the cry of fire rang out from the second floor.

The street door was always open, so that in case of fire you may run out quick, the landlord told the tenants when they asked him to put on a lock.

As it happened that was the one way out that was not open when the fire did come.

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